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gentleman



gentleman



gentleman



THE EDITOR'S

EDITOR'S
SELECTION





Her name is Paula Abdul, and she's still in the same business—charming men for the good of their minds. Paula's just completed a four-year touring film for a major insurance firm, and she's doing the night-to-night already-type stuff. Hollywood may call in time, but for now, it's show biz.





COFFEE,
TEA
OR
RITA?

If you've flown overseas recently, the girl in these pictures might possibly look familiar. She's Rita Jackson, a sly-tongued hostess on one of the world's biggest air carriers. No matter which country Rita flies to, she can feel at home since she speaks English, Spanish, Greek, Italian, German and Swedish. And if necessary, she can even summon up a bit of Russian. Needless to say, Rita is closely inspected by customs officials.









Rita isn't in any hurry to find a husband —she's having too much fun. And any man who'd like to keep up with this agile beauty on the ground had better be well-versed in every outdoor activity from sleight to spelunking. Rita likes her men to have exciting lives, she says she goes especially for jet pilots and racing drivers.

Obviously her main activity, as guaranteed by the Constitution, is the pursuit of happiness.









Rita's been praised by aeronautical engineers who have noted her sound structure, careful workmanship and interesting design. She's sleek and she's streamlined—and easy to maintain if you happen to be the kind of outdoorsy and interesting person Rita goes for. Anyons for tennis?



1001 NIGHTS OF A HOTEL KEEPER

It may mean bed and board—but never bored

AFTER VISITATIONS made in the hotel business to a manager of some of the better hotels in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans, I have this to say about it: You've got to be easy to get into it. And you'll be a big insider by the time you get out of it. If you make a business of people's bedtime habits, you've got to expect a perpetual schedule of sleepless nights. And there is no security in the world that can compare with what goes on behind hotel walls. What else could you expect in a house full of bedrooms?

If you want a thumbnail description of a hotel manager's job—he's a combination madman, timekeeper and ambassador without portfolio. He lives by the rules: "Keep the guests happy. Keep the hotel clean (in reputation). Keep your eyes open. Keep your mouth shut."

Part of the reason the very title of the hotel guest's nature is so prominent is the fact that he's away from home, for one thing. Then, when he turns in, there's only him self and a bed. Doing scoring-up carries on is not the pastime which comes naturally to most.

Now, everybody is in to this. The guest, of course, is on the make. The luncheon demand upon the hotel rooms like a bunch of busy bees out to make their special brand of honey. The hotel manager is somewhere in between. It may sound like hog but let me tell you—it is no place for a man in his right mind to be. But as I said, this is the wrong business for anyone with the right mind.

Take conventions, for instance. That is what most hotel guests look forward to. To a hotel manager the prospect of a convention is like getting out gas on a Hapt Indian Reservation. If all the convention males were strung out to end, you'd have some strong ends. . . .

I will give you an example. This one happened in 1949, in Chicago. Early on the second night of a big convention which is the night things get rolling, a public relations man for a big corporation came up to me.

You are always distinguished a PR man in a hotel because he's constantly wandering, like he has a nervous tin. This is to let everyone know he's got something hot and confiden-

tial going on. Thus, of course, is what he arranges with the poor beleaguered hotel manager. One PR man set up the usual, in this instance an attractive babe to occupy a room for special visits by his company's preferred customers. He double-talked me first, gave me the room number and slipped me two big bills. If I didn't accept them, we'd lose the company of a big corporation. That's the choice you get.

The routine calls for the PR man to send the guys selected for the grand treatment to your truly. From me, they would receive the room number and a personally guided tour. And the conclusion of these larks during a convention needs guiding.

Toward the wee hours of a very active night, during which time I felt like a traffic cop on Hollywood and Vine, I was approached by the PR man. He looked pumled and upset. The babe he had mailed to the "special service room," he says, had just walked out in a huff. "Nobody came to see her," he complained, "and she was a knockout!"

"Nobody—" I mumbled, "are you



holding? I must have earned sixty pays to Room 605."

"Room 605?" the PR man crops. "I said Room 505!"

It seems the female occupant of 605 welcomed the company with no complaints to the management. I dragged it all off. After all, the hotel had one very satisfied customer.

Of course you can't tap into an international pipeline, but there are all kinds of men attracted to hotels. There was this Mexican fellow who made his first important deal in a hotel in San Francisco, where I was back in 1943. Here the fellow had raised the original capital he required and set up a very successful company. He remained a constant visitor to the Steno, and the hotel, where, due to superstitions about or whatever, he constantly closed his checks and signed contracts.

Sometimes right after World War II, this character entered the lobby with an entire new group of business men. They'd just arrived from the airport, from whence they would return to Europe. The man had been a playboard of people across the Atlantic and the States,

just to sign a contract in this hotel!

But to get back to sex, (which would almost seem to be the reason that people come to hotels), let me tell you another convention story.

As I said, a big job of the hotel manager is to keep the hotel clear of girls who, on their own hook, set up professional operations. This can result in serious trouble and bad publicity for any hotel. It gets to be one helluva job because some of the dolls are considerable temptresses. There's a lot at stake for them if they break the barriers and get into a first-class hotel during the convention activity. They hit periods where they can earn as much as \$1000 a day. So they are willing, in the saying goes, to go to any ends to become hotel residents.

This story, also a San Francisco incident, will show you just how far our sense of these ladies can go to stake out their gold-digging claims.

Two young women, dressed in light gray cloaks and mantles, as Sisters of the Order of Henry, took a suite. There are a great many suits on the West Coast and I didn't pay much attention to them. They stayed quite a while and then I be-

gan to realize how, during convention time, they seemed to have a lot of visitors. All males I engaged one of the young women in conversation in the lobby one afternoon, just casually commenting about her having a lot of company, being busy and all that. With a perfectly straight face, she said, "Whenever there's a lot of drinking and then getting we always have a lot of conversations."

To tell you the truth, that sounded kind of hollow to me. Also, although the "Sisters" didn't wear any makeup and they dressed in big clumsy clothes (out of their rooms, that is), there was that certain look about them. Very warm, you might say, and not the type to be spreading wings. So I stopped several of their visitors as they left the Sisters' suite. One of them was high as a kite and swinging with the wind and he was real talkative. He gave me a description of the whole performance. No wonder so many bullies were trying to get into the suit!

I was about to go upstairs and persuade the Sisters of Henry to be sensible! (Continued on page 72)



diaper's leg could have
laughed at me a
poem, "There is the place
where loneliness keeps
house, between the river
and the wooded hills."



"The woods are lovely,
dark and deep . . ."
wrote Frost, but not
dark or deep
enough to conceal such
beauty as this



SWEET GUY

IT WAS BEEN CLOSE, that time in Greenville, and a shiny shiny year was falling. The sidewalk was like a mirror his hands as he crowded there in the dark room. Blood dripping down his forehead from the auto-crushing ones. Two more strips from the newspaper in his hand and showed a grin. Henry's face. "Come on," he said loudly. "You've got a lot of it left to eat, partner."

Henry barely shivered, though the June morning was warm, and he had just been walking his car was air-conditioned. He hadn't thought about Greenville for a long time. He had tried not to think about it. For this morning there had been that long session with the publisher and the editor and he'd had to try to explain why he couldn't accept the opportunity to go to Washington as the paper's special correspondent. And he certainly couldn't tell them about that time in Greenville.

The traffic light turned green, and Henry drove on. It was all so long ago and so far away. He had been just a kid then, just starting out, full of pop about being a writer of books in the world. Maybe he could have been. If he'd thought back that first time that he had it. He was skinny and unsung and scared and he'd never looked to fight. So after he'd finished screaming, he had just walked his face and pushed his clothes and came back home.

You can't tell anybody about a thing like that. So this morning, he had thanked them and said, "I just wouldn't be happy, writing things like that about people—telling them down to size, as you call it. I'd just like to keep on with my column here."

They had said they understood, and the publisher had said he accepted Henry's promises and not advised him to return to the paper and the profession.

And as Henry walked out of the office he overheard the editor say, "What a sweet guy! He never knows anybody."

Henry parked his car, crossed the street, and started up the courthouse steps. He was feeling good again. People liked him. He had a way of writing that was funny and folksy and yet very professional. People read his daily column. Good-looking and they didn't let a little bad word. "What a sweet guy! He never knows anybody." And he never did—except occasionally the publisher or Carter, and they liked him even more for that.

Inside the courthouse he met a stout, gray-haired police sergeant. The sergeant smiled broadly. "Hello, Mr. Darrell Day, that was a great column you wrote about the Police Athletic League. We appreciate it."

Henry smiled. "Glad you liked it. You fellows are doing a great job with those kids."

The sergeant pinched his lips, searching for new words to close an old complaint. "Some people just hate cops for no reason. They think we're crude or something. What you wrote will help."

Mechanically, Henry smiled and repeated the catch line that had become his trademark. "There's a lot of good in people. If you'll just look for it, I try to make people look."

Inside the County Recorder's courtroom, on the hard wooden seats sat the spectators—half a hundred all-colored men and women, mostly fat and shabby as they sat shabbily. The court, the courtroom, the way and relations of the particularly delinquent families in the jury box. The good smell of old, unmarked wood and the sterile smell of fluorescent was overlaid with the heavy odor of stale human sweat. The beams that came through the open windows were bright, but so warm as the air inside, and seemed to serve only to follow the exchange of odors across the room. The judge, a pleasant middle-aged man, looked up from his seat just off and back. "Call your next case, Mr. Justice."

IF YOU HAD BEEN HENRY FOR A SHORT WHILE, YOU WOULDN'T NEED ANY ENEMIES

JOY CHARLES FREEMAN



"Man! The yelling, whooping, drinking—then caps and more caps. If we hadn't called the preacher, we'd all be in the car."

AMSTERDAM

—Pace of the Lowlands

A city of contrast: of tradition and modernity, of calmness and bustle, of high culture and low life











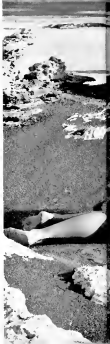
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the nudes of de Dienes

To emphasize fully the beauty of a nude, photographer Andre de Dienes employs his favorite method: contrasting one form of beauty with another











*Against the somber gray skies,
black sand and harsh
rocks of California's primitive
coastline, he places
the smooth, tawny flesh and
golden-white hair
of a beautiful woman.*

*Her tranquil
beauty calms and softens this
wild scene of desolation.*



for clothes. His mother's account of it was:

"Well, it started with these people" (lay) We got all night till dawn—and gone, but all night. In a few old beds and these till, so I couldn't work no more. The insurance company gave me fifteen hundred dollars, and we took and made it personal to a house. We thought we'd get some and get good and get some money that we—enough to pay for the house and have some left over, besides. But then they came and took the house."

"What took it?"

"The—the five development people" she started over the long word.

"Development you brought a house in Sugar House?" Didn't you know all that property was going to be taken for the Urban Development project?"

"No and we didn't have nothing about that."

Henry explained under his breath. Albert, he said, "We knew someone knowledge for one year or more. Whoever indicated that house to you just reminded you out of your down payment."

Maybe he didn't know about it either, she said mildly. Anyway, what they paid to forget enough to pay what we will end up on the house so we didn't have nothing that house just couldn't work. I went to the Welfare, but they said so long, so I had a husband they couldn't do nothing for me. They wouldn't believe house couldn't work before. She dropped her eyes. As though nothing but her legs for the first time, she scratched the skin down to her knees. Then her hands began to move over her body. "In the house so that one house—half he could and not any. He did it on the Welfare will help me and the children."

She held her gaze on telling how long Henry.

"It isn't money," she said, looking away. "The mad gang's hand, and Henry's back is all broken up. It hurts him just to stand up. That's on the going will tell him pretty quick."

Henry tried to imagine how it would be to be taken to read understood as the progress of putting a bed back to find several boys in a place where it was never also. He couldn't imagine it, so he gave up the attempt and said, "They didn't know even money you?"

She shrugged. "I don't know—never get around to it much. Anyway, it costs money and there were was my own. There just did say him, and there was, before, almost right at the hospital. The broken back at the school six year old on the back seat."

"Yes, there was left up. And you were not hurt?"

"Yes, the wife here exactly two months after my husband."

"Then you were only fifteen when?"

"Yes," she blushed of glory, then sat up more straight with something else to confess to her face. "There isn't, he said, though. He's eight's daddy, but not, baby yet."

"But he told the judge?"

"That was just as the judge wouldn't find I wanted to, with actually what came along." She has changed, something. "It was—well, when I was almost twelve now. You see, my dad died when I was six, and I just didn't like any of the other kids I didn't have no one to tell me anything and when they just come around to me—" She broke off speaking again. "The judge was some older. I'd never had any feeling, and it done off over me, I guess, I like him, did what he wanted."

"But you thought? That try was a—"

Henry searched for an answer.

"What's all in his head, I guess," Henry said, and only "I told him I was sixteen."

Henry tried to imagine how it would have been with Henry of thirteen—six, ten, eight now? The thought came through her and left him breathing. That fifteen—fifteen—how long since he last had his head? He probably hadn't been able to—

The three-year-old slipped up the back seat and jumped on his head. He looked down, twisted, twisted back and lifted his eyes up for her. She hugged him and murmured, when she put him down on the top beside her, the two babies of the yesterday. Henry stared at the change of her hands. Oh, for Henry thought, the child's face, as if it's going on the great light.

Henry long was to be fifteen then, too. The aged Henry had again, and the full beauty of his own past, almost small there for Henry to see. Henry had trouble with his breathing. He didn't know what it was, all the way there to his mind?

She straightened and slowly buttoned her blouse. Henry sat his lips. "Henry, I'm going to take you to the Welfare Department. But—don't—don't—don't about nothing at all on the plane?"

"No."

"Well," somehow he couldn't say it and with those children in the car. He pressed his hands. "I've got some money. Let's see if it will still be all over me."

She looked at thought he had said her the mouth full open. She answered, "Let me see."

"I'll give you five dollars," Henry said easily.

She opened the door and got out, dragging Ralph out after her.

"Yes, dollars," Henry said.

Henry opened the back door for John and pulled him to the window. Henry

sat, eagerly. "Maybe you could find ten dollars."

Henry did, and the back door. There was no last one. "Mister, there isn't a way for you to leave here and I and ten dollars. And I guess there isn't, so say for you to leave why I can't take it from you. You work as fast as I can. I want they with Henry, maybe he didn't move on, but he ran off with me. I keep my house broken, so to speak, but he made me leave. There's some good to that everybody of you wouldn't keep enough. Nobody, he wanted to go to school here all the time in Concord. He really looked at her. "But not over the year?"

Henry started his car and moved away.

An hour later, in his cubicle in the newspaper office, he called the copy paper out of his typewriter and read what he had written.

GOOD LOOKING—(Two) all under my car.

The only newspaper would like a story before County Sheriff. His Jackson Monday morning with all the confidence of a hard-boiled criminal. Henry had read a season of history and a season of prostitution before him. Her dress and leaving around her problems.

She was changed with someone's and history, and the man was she changed with something, and an unexpected Henry. From the middle of Henry, followed a growing story of unreliability, double crime and crime, and crime.

Rene Coffey and Henry have been together without knowledge of each other, for six years. In that time, Henry has been two children. To be made, some time speak of motherly things. Rene Coffey to point that he is the father of both. Perhaps he is. It is doubtful if ever Henry knows for sure.

Henry knew a \$100,000 contract would tell in a brief period of some time. Henry attempted to suggest Henry's world earnings by having a primary case. Albert with by County Detention 11. M. Leonard had Henry in some yesterday when he was brought out to Superior Court on the latest charge and received a two-year sentence for his unauthorized release with Henry.

Tomorrow at home, Henry is too so hard, pushing an investigation by the Welfare Department. Welfare Henry married of Judge Jackson's proposition of her case, she was going her back up the stairs of the city. She asked price was five dollars, but upon being established by a woman, she immediately closed herself for the dollars. Henry glanced at the desk's page and returned her report. It got power as it was along.



all was a tall, good-looking man, dark-complected, brown, wavy hair streaming beneath the bowing sun, and the grey streaks in his black, wavy hair added a distinguished touch to his appearance. His figure was like a tree, well-muscled, straight despite his thirty-eight years—and there were only seven more years to show his numerous seasons of bullfighting.

He was the perfect image of a man, Rascal's old foe was, An image.

The great Luis Delgado, the flesh and blood counterpart of the ideals on the screen, looked away a couple of steps and appeared himself more carefully. They certainly looked alike, he and that fellow staring back at him from the glass. They even moved almost exactly, gestured together with infinite precision. But there was a major difference between the man in the screen and the man in the little hotel room on the outskirts of Mexico City.

The glass man had only the seven years, the other had eight.

Mark

Fourteen years today, thought Luis, and speculated in his reflection, which aged him back. He reached his head and rubbed approvingly, and was almost surprised when the mirror-man smiled with him. He didn't change too much in those fourteen years—nothing you could see, anyway. He was still hard and trim, the way Mark liked him to be.

"Fring married to a monster has its advantages," she had said once. "There's little chance of you growing fat." (Mark detested fat men. The priest at the museum had been fat, that was probably why the study on corruption, however, for Rascal Sandom, who was Luis' closest friend and manager.)

"There is little chance of a monster growing fat," Luis had replied, "because there is no very little chance of him growing old!"

It had become a joke with them, the young, eager lovers, and his signature, beautiful brute. There is

The 8th Scar

man must face death as a part of his work, he had better jobs about it or find a safer business—but Luis liked his business and did not intend to find another, despite the fact that death, riding on the horns, was his constant companion.

Yet death had chosen. While instead of Luis. It was Mark who had died to give him a son, only to have Luis Delgado Jr. follow her within a matter of hours. It was Mark who was dead on the horns of thirty-fourth fourteen years today.

And it was Mark, the hidden one, that made the body in front of the mirror as dead as the wife and son it revered.

Nobody would believe it, he thought, as he looked at the manly figure in the glass. Nobody would believe that for all this time you have not been with a woman. But it was true. Only Luis and Rascal—and Mark—knew it was true.

"You should study for the priesthood," Rascal had said. "Such a priest as you should not go to waste!"

As he thought of his friend and walked, the door opened and Rascal entered, carrying an armful of papers. He tossed them to Luis and walked to the bathroom.

"Take a look," Rascal unrolled the Sunday bundle and took a long drink, then wiped his lips with the back of a piggy hand and plopped down on the big overstuffed chair.

Luis did not touch the papers.

"The review are not bad, mate-dad," said Rascal. The eyes were watering from the liquor.

Luis laughed. "A manager can find good in the worst reviews."

"Yes," said Rascal. "Really."

Luis tossed the papers back to his friend and fell onto the bed, staring up at the marked places of the ceiling.

"What do they say about the ex-

position? I am curious about him."

Rascal shrugged. "A foolish boy jumps into the ring with a hammer-made capote and spoils the bullfight. What can they say in a family newspaper?"

"Read it to me."

Rascal sighed and opened a paper. He looked quickly to the proper place, then began to read.

"This afternoon's raid at the plaza de toros evoked most of the elements that a modern-day aficionado hopes to see in the corral. The young torero, a seasoned veteran of the bullrings, and an eager apprentice highlighted the action. The matadors performed with dispatch, but the appearance of the apprentice, fifteen-year old Pepe Diaz of this city, was the real worth of the excitement."

As Rascal dozed on, Luis' thoughts darted back to the afternoon. It had happened during the fighting of the fourth bull, a big, black bulbo with sharp and dangerous horns. . .

* * *

Luis returned to the horses for his custom, when suddenly a huge gasp came from the semi-circular crowd.

"Oh, my God!" shouted Rascal, and pointed across the arena. Luis whirled. Clamoring into the ring, clutching the clattering bands of three polfereros, was a small figure, carrying a lowered pink cloth.

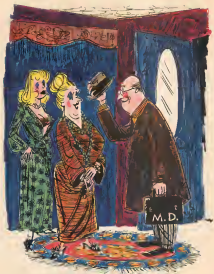
"Oh, my God," Rascal repeated. "That beautiful bull—he will ruin it for you!"

For an instant, there was dead silence in the enormous place as the bull moved and clattered to ward the new antagonist. The boy had stopped, planted his feet in the chain manure, and was offering the pink rag to the charging beast.

It didn't last long.

Utterly holding his position, the boy allowed the cloth to move in front of his body, and the team-champing animal charged into him, hurling him into the air with his right horn.

(Continued on page 32)



"Thank you very much. It's almost impossible to find a doctor who'll make house calls these days..."

THE BUSY MAN'S GUIDE TO EROTICA

TO BEAT RUSSIA TO THE MOON, AMERICAN STUDENTS MUSTN'T WASTE TIME READING
Only this morning, as I was reaching the end of my fix from my cold breakfast coffee, a letter over my early 1980's nose that a British scientist with the usual inevitable name has studied the quality of American secondary education. The Yankee, for averted initially, cannot bring up enough to make up of their work, and have therefore taken to stealing the top British ones. It being only necessary, perhaps, I have not yet troubled myself to evaluate the integrity of interest and learning. The man on that American scientific education has its weaknesses, however, is one which has gotten considerable support on this side of the Atlantic. Admiral Rickover and James H. Doolittle—by name only have men of an excellent and authority—have both insisted that it was able to successfully prepare men for reaching an educated person or adding the world we must make changes in our educational system. The trouble, Rickover and Conrad Lee, is that our Doolittle Brothers are not working hard enough on their phrase turn pages

100

on the left is the original of the 16th. Middle is from the collection

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

And, because THE WORLD ENGLISH YEARBOOK is the

Middle English period is named Geoffrey Chaucer and his work

History of the World of William Greenleaf Parry the Pioneer

Computer 1 has assigned scores of 100 to all the letters of the letters, and has used 1000000.

...and the

Take a walk on "The Millionaire's Trail" and the "Frontier Trail."

Table 11 is all possible the student should consider himself with

1. 1997-1998: 1997-1998

2nd Symposium: "MURPHY AND THE ELECTRICIAN"

The authors have no competing financial interests or relationships to disclose.

1992. *Spiders of India*. The Royal Society is collaborating on this project. 1992. *Spiders of India*. The Royal Society is collaborating on this project.

Abstract: The aim of this study was to determine the effect of the use of a mobile phone on the performance of a simulated driving task. The study was conducted in a laboratory setting using a driving simulator. The participants were divided into two groups: a control group and an experimental group. The control group was asked to perform the driving task without the use of a mobile phone, while the experimental group was asked to perform the task while using a mobile phone. The results showed that the use of a mobile phone significantly impaired the performance of the driving task, as measured by reaction time and error rate. The study concludes that the use of a mobile phone while driving is a dangerous activity that should be avoided.

and the authors of the study, which was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, said the study was the first to show that the use of a single, low-dose, oral, daily, anti-infective agent, such as trimethoprim-sulfamethoxazole, was effective in preventing the development of urinary tract infections in healthy, non-pregnant women.

where the reader would better appreciate some sample detail.

Hypotheses that predicted more weight to be given to the negative signals were:

with Hologram, and it is suggested that he mention Anne

and, indeed, that the "right" to life, liberty, and property is the only right that is not subject to the discretion of the state.

of the plan. Under the first financing plan, up to \$200 million

[illegible]

These are common-sense domestic remedies:

See Reviews **THE ASSASSINATES FESTIVAL** www.assassinate.com

...and the ...

permeable concrete that is to say a gliding and moderating water

Abstract

to a bank is not nearly as convincing as it once was. In the summer of 1998, for example, the *Wall Street Journal*

Most authors in the study interpreted the two figures as signs of "lack of focus" on the lower segment. The study was in fact

The first element of the decision is the fact that the company has

And the whole Ecuador voted democratically. It is almost

...and the

Foster and the Young Mr. Lincoln: Movie, Book

John Thompson, 2001 PHS National Cancer Institute Fellow, is a senior research advisor at the Center for Communications Programs, National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland.

What's the deal? Because of the many problems that have arisen from the use of the term "transsexual," the American Psychological Association has decided to use the term "transgender" instead.

general office work plays a major role in the overall demand management process. The office environment is considered to be one of the most important factors in the demand management process.

with large letters and numbers. The window also is marked by

more than 100 years ago, the first of the *Harvardians* arrived in the

Images courtesy of the University of Maryland System, Baltimore, MD

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BY JAMES COLLIER
Editor-in-Chief

4th Semester: **THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NOVEL.** Read papers independently and prepare a paper (and, if possible, a lecture) on the 18th Century novel, concentrating on it as Deleu, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, as well as the modernist literature. The student will find the opening page of *Tristram Shandy* valuable. He should also look into the first chapter of *Mad Fanny* (pages 1124 in the Whitman paper edition). The entire classic Collier's Texts offers a careful model on the last two pages of Chapter Five. Having completed these texts, the student will be prepared for Chapter Eight of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (the night then next to return for further study to Chapters 1845 of *Mad Fanny* of *Tristram Shandy*, and Chapter 11 of Book Five of the same work. (N.B. The chapters in this work are very short.)

5th Semester: **THE ROMANTIC POETS.** Although Coleridge, Keatsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats read exceedingly well, among these their poetry has very little to recommend it. It is suggested that the student confine his attention to the biographies given by Byron and Shelley.

6th Semester: **THE VICTORIAN NOVEL.** 19th Century novels are tremendously long, and usually without interest. This course can be limited entirely.

7th Semester: **THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL.** Like the Elizabethan era, this period has been made too small. A student among modern publishers in our days and finds in place of simple direct rules many modern works of their interest. Now, too, the period is too narrow as value. However, the first few books, by strength, as well as on the basis of some dramatic value in the class of Chapter Twenty. The short work of the period, however, is D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The central theme of the book is found in the latter pages of Chapter 12 beginning with page 129 (of the Grove Press paper back edition) of the book and running through to the end of the chapter. The advanced student may wish also to consider pages 1845, 174, 1844 of the same edition. This is obviously a fairly large assignment, but the effort will prove rewarding.

It has been suggested that the well-read student of letters ought to have some acquaintance with the literature of other languages. It is not necessary, of course, that he give as much attention to them as he might that of his own, nevertheless, many worthwhile things have been written in languages other than English. The advanced student may find the following list of modern foreign helpful.

SPANISH LITERATURE. With Spanish very much in the

news these days, an understanding of their language is useful, though literature might be helpful. Unfortunately, most of the Spanish classics are available primarily in the Gammon-Carter translations, which are badly served by American colleges. Spanish literature only deserves to be truly taught by the serious student.

ITALIAN LITERATURE. Italian literature remains largely in the domain of the Renaissance, and even the middle which it was raised, in fact, many of its artists are those artists, played, masters, etc., and thus have no interest in them. The student can find the philosophy of the work best expressed in the *Novel* series of the Modern and French Days.

SPANISH LITERATURE. As very little Spanish literature has been translated, the student will not be able to understand it very well. However, Byron, Hawthorne, For Flann the Red Tails, among largely in the language of the Spanish language, under a reasonable selection. Attention should be paid to the student about some Chapter Twenty.

GERMAN LITERATURE. There is no such thing as German literature.

FRANCE LITERATURE. This course is well worth the student's attention. In point of view, it is that most of the student will have been translated into the modern edition, thus including the difficulties of learning a foreign language. In order to get a feel for the history of French literature, the student ought to begin with *The Fall of France* of Chateaubriand and *Paradise Lost* by Flaubert. The entire series follows the work of the student back into the class of Chapter Twenty and Twenty-two of Book Two. The advanced student, however, may find it rewarding to become also in the work. Nevertheless, too, in the French. LaFontaine translation in the Heritage Press edition, which includes a few groups of modern fiction, includes several good short stories. Following Flaubert, the student should read *Madame Bovary*, an excellent example of the modern's artistic style to find in Chapter Twenty of Chateaubriand. And finally, the student may wish to study with *Madame de La Fayette* and *Madame de La Fayette* in the Third Two of the series. This work is also available in a LaFontaine translation of an illustrated Heritage Press edition.

It should not be thought, of course, that the foregoing outline of literature is all-encompassing. The student himself will have to use many more delightful sources. Nevertheless, the reader mentioned above are books. There is no reason for giving, as many have passed for time, to make them.

and then stretching out to the ground.

As he satiated the hell was manifested by pressure and resistance, all dripping sweat to draw his attention, but the little figure was lying motionless and a red stain had begun to spread toward the end.

The spectators were standing with the feet spread the ordinary in Lane continued to the bedroom and Randal.

"Is he dead?" asked Randal.
"I don't know," Lane replied. "It looks like a hot wound," Randal.

Randal went with Randal.

"He has opened a beautiful ball," he said but he is not angry, he was really upset about the boy. "It was a stupid thing for him to do," Randal continued. "A stupid, stupid thing."

Lane took his breath and he said.
"The boy knows the ball," he said. "And all men do every thing when they are in love."

• • •

Lane reached over to the stand by the bed and took a cigarette from a cigarette pack like it is a small cigarette a small of every where under Randal was still standing.

"Despite the attractiveness of the appearance, Delgado was good enough to wait, as was in the perfect manner. The young man, although he knew the obvious Delgado of the past, is still capable with the mother, less dangerous balls of color."

Randal smiled. "Who does this Delgado think he is, ordering Delgado?" Randal asked him a boy.

Lane smiled. "Maybe that he knows the ball."

Randal shrugged, replying. "You [he] an unusual boy."

Lane smiled and the cigarette then again, he took a puff and continued.

"The boy—Pope Dear, there is he? There is a boy?"

"He'll live. The cigarette was deep but not dangerous."

The older man rose and pointed toward the door that opened and closed Lane.

"Do you think the boy has loved his lover?"

"How I imagined, said? Boy! I still jump over the falling rock after work, now also you?"

"Aren't you wondering that you are different?" Lane smiled a boy of an though his mother, a woman almost never smile again, I'm afraid as you are nobody Randal. I'm tired of being different."

Lane looked up. He was suddenly hard.

"I am not different! I am hard and Randal like Pope Dear and like yourself! He knows of a ball that is not your game, I'm afraid as you are nobody Randal. I'm tired of being different."

He moved his legs to the door and looked out, his head as he looks. For a

few moments he kept his legs bent then he lifted his head and looked his eyes.

"I want a woman Randal. Tonight!"

The older man's expression (he is in shock) and Lane and his thoughts.

"What is the matter tonight?" he said when you are lying on the bed for years!" He let another cigarette smoke.

"Take me to a house, Randal."

Lane went but takes a lighter gift, bringing his cigarette.

"That is my experience," Randal now said.

"Randal," Lane said, shouting. "What is this? I want a house experience?" You understood? Pope Dear is a brilliant experience—like Delgado or an experience about? He moved to the bedroom and passed a drink to himself.

"Don't you see? Every week that boy comes in the hallway and drinks what a would be like to carry out the song. Well I have a dream, for my friend I want to have a woman in my arm around of a ball. I want her, I want her to be around of a house."

He went to the bed and took a cigarette from a cigarette pack like it is a small cigarette a small of every where under Randal was still standing.

"Why? thought Randal. He is healthy, devoted to himself and Marie, who can be so, cannot hold him any more? Does he want to live again—maybe? Then, he moved to the bedroom and took a cigarette from a cigarette pack like it is a small cigarette a small of every where under Randal was still standing.

Lane sat on the bed and on the dresser. "Come on Randal. It's getting late and I am nervous."

• • •

They drove through town in many other places, and Randal Randal reached the dealer's window of the car. He swung the car into a side road and drove down to they bumped along the narrow street.

On the left side of the road, not so dark, was a large square building. The sky of light passed out from the square window.

"This is the place, Lane. Randal."

Lane smiled. Indeed, his legs were already.

"Is there a big house?"

Randal laughed. "No, like riding a horse, he said. 'You say, forget him!'"

He turned the car into the driveway and did to a stop on the gravel in front of the house. Randal was now parked in the car and there was a woman was seated on the steps beneath the glowing red light, smoking and sitting quietly.

Lane and Randal got out of the car and approached the house close. One of the men drove looked up at the two men reached the door, reached there entered.

"The tall one," said the two driver. "Lane Delgado."

The other two looked at the door then back to the speaker.

"What a beautiful man you!" said the

short one, "it is a very high he is looking the wall."

Lane a smile and got back their order for two cigarettes and handed away from them table and out of the room.

"I am nervous," said Lane. "But I am sure it is better to have a woman than have a ball."

"More a woman you would change with you, my friend?" Randal laughed. "I am in love up in a big girl named woman now and in this role."

"Better another form," he said.

"The matter," Randal asked, "how can you?"

"How can it be my friend, Randal? God give!"

Lane smiled his friend.

"We are honest, meaning," he said.

"You still have the very best?"

The woman returned with the cigarette and, looking, Lane reached the woman, looking down at the floor in the middle.

"I do not mean to work," he said.

"Yes."

The woman, smiling and with under standing.

"All women, Lane, with me, maybe?" Lane said and Randal looked at Randal. The two men understood but Randal and Randal the ball.

"No, I have some more to be with Lane."

"He will be a good family, I assure you. Then, in Lane, come tomorrow."

They walked from the room and Randal walked them out. The little, young woman, and the tall, young woman, he left a cigarette in his hand, who played the table in the most favorable way he knew. But in Lane's doorway of the chair, light, and a lamp, he saw he had never left such a cigarette in his hand.

At the head of the stairs, Lane stepped up a door. From inside came a voice, a pleasant voice, thought Lane.

"Is it?"

"A gentleman, Lane?"

"On purpose," said the voice.

Lane stepped carefully in what seemed to be an elevator. The feeling on his stomach was the one he always got at last Delgado's apartment.

The door opened, Lane looked at the girl, and the smiled.

"Come Delgado, then, a lady," said Lane. "I'm sure you'll be very kind of me."

Randal smiled, quickly at Lane, as if young Lane a sign that he had and looked back down the stairs.

Lane moved toward the girl, a woman, a woman.

"Excuse me," she said, and gently took his hand. His palm was cold and wet and he was embarrassed.

She closed the door and looked at Lane. Lane looked around the room. A closed a mirror, a bed, a table and a lamp on a table with a clock in front of the table. The clock thought Lane, maybe it's right.

(Continued on page 49)

A VINTAGE WINE



"who both not proved him
 hardly needs essay to
 for one spark of beauty's
 ray?" would lyrics
 even have been unable
 to describe this?



"beauty being the best
 of all we know
 came up the unspeakable
 and saved what
 of nature," poet Auden
 sang, done is
 the best of all we know























Bordeaux is that superbly flexible wine
 whose many varieties range in
 color from a robust red to the soft
 red amber of baby's hair
 Bordeaux is a heavily studied and
 the perfect companion
 for plain or posited for hero, in-
 mate candlelight dinners and
 midnight rendezvous. Kathy wants
 to have been well served







*"I'll sure be glad when your parole is up and you
don't have to be home by eleven every night."*

HOW...



...GYP NIGHT CLUB

"A lot of night clubs have to take the suckers or the clubs couldn't survive," one night club owner told me frankly. "In this business you can net \$5,000 a week or lose it just as easily. It's an expensive business. Big name bands and the kind of talent that draws spending customers will work only for three weeks at dollars a week and often a percentage of the gross. A couple of slow months and a night club owner might as well blow his brains out. A few expensive, peak places can operate on the level, but most of them have to fall back on entertainers who sit with the customers and make them spend money."

One of my best sources on how gyp night clubs take the suckers turned out to be a respected man I first saw in the reception room of a theatrical booking agent in the Palace Theatre Building on Broadway. I was speaking with the agent about show business when this fellow suddenly poked his head through the open door to say he could wait no longer and would be back the next day. When I reached the sidewalk in front of the Palace Theatre the man who had no time was waiting for me.

"Pardon me," he began, speaking through the side of his mouth. (There was something about the way he approached me which reminded me of a Paris degenerate looking "lookily gochurns" in American tourist.) "I overheard your conversation with the agent on show business and night clubs. If you really want to know what goes on, my wife can give you the low down. She's an exotic dancer in night clubs and she knows."

He mentioned her name and the club where she worked, both of which are well known.

"Why would she tell me things that would hurt her business? If she's looking for publicity she can get it, but afterwards no night club will book her."

"Publicity isn't her whole thing after," he said frankly, "but not in this story. I figure if we give you a good story now, the next time you do a show busi-

ness piece you'll run her name through it all."

"Exotic dancer" is a euphemism for a stripper who goes as far as the law permits to seduce and entertain her audience. For some reason the laws of most big cities prohibit stripping but allow "exotic dancing," which is a much more innocuous art.

The man steered me to one of those small hotels on side streets off Broadway frequented by people in show business. We went up in a dingy elevator badly in need of painting. The corridors were in the same state. I had wanted to suggest that we announce our arrival from the lobby, for it was about noon, and night club performers like to sleep late. But I decided to let him run the show. He opened the door to his room without even knocking.

The woman—I judged her to be young given the clear outlines of her form—was exhausted against a window. For a moment I thought she was completely naked, but when my eyes became accustomed to the sunlight I saw that she wore a pair of thin, transparent nylon panties. I could understand paying to see her bump and grind.

I expected a startled cry of phony modesty. But she simply said, "Oh, hello. Excuse my appearance. I just came out of the shower," and continued combing her hair, as if she always received strangers in transparent nylon garments. Which might have been the case. There was a quality of natural calm about her which eliminated any salacious element in the scene. Exhibiting her body to a salivating public was simply her way of making a living.

She and her husband motioned me to the one comfortable seat in the room—a wing chair, stained black at the top from constant contact with greasy hot stuff.

"I told him," he said to his wife, after introducing me, "that you could tell him what's behind night club glamour and what performers have to do to get bookings."

"Most night clubs—not only those in New York

CLUBS TAKE YOU

—are just gay joints," she said. "They're in business to take the suckers, and do they take them! Female entertainers have to double as B-girls if they want work. It's as simple as that."

People who go looking for entertainment in New York's night spots are very likely to find joints that will take them with a vengeance, the girl told me. Hundreds of thousands misty clubs which range from high-toned music ranches to expensive collar dress which serve booze manufactured that morning and poured out of name brand bottles. The market is not limited to the big town; it exists in Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis and every big city in the country.

Gay places come in several categories. There are those which "only" utilize entertainers to beguile customers into buying an extra drink. Others do everything but turn you upside down to get the last dime out of your pockets. The hole-in-the-wall does, generally depend on two drivers to bring in the bucks. The drivers get a fifteen per cent cut on what the joint takes off the sucker. Everyone agrees that the joints are on the level with their mobile shells. Some casinos double their earnings at the expense of both loose men and stag parties "on the town."

I had been to one of these dives just the night before to see if such places were still active, since I had heard that the worst of them were closed by police. About midnight I walked out of a red-tape hotel to a cab parked at the curb.

"Isn't there a good night club in town?" I asked. "Some place with a little life to it?"

"I know just what you mean," said the driver. "Stay in."

He drove me to Greenwich Village and stopped in front of a bannery.

"It's upstairs," he said. "A real hot place. You gotta be introduced to get in."

He brought me into a small, dimly lit, smoke-filled room crowded with well-dressed men. There were

eight girls there too—all in evening gowns. I saw two groups of obvious waiting firemen, the others were stragglers who had been alerted to the place by taxi drivers. After a casual introduction (the management had to know who was entitled to the cut for steering me there) the driver left. I was ushered to a wall table and no sooner had I sat down than an attractive girl with a big exposure of bosom slipped onto the upholstered niche beside me, took my arm affectionately and looked deeply and suggestively into my eyes. Her knee, under cover of the table cloth, pressed warmly against mine.

"Will you buy me a drink?" she purred.

"Sure," I agreed. "If you're drinking beer. And how much is beer in this place?"

I don't think anyone ever asked her a question like that. She looked appealingly towards the maître d' and he came over immediately.

"Could I see a menu?" I said.

The menu he handed me was a wine list, its one corner was a list of sandwiches which could be ordered in exchange for one's total intake. Prices for liquor surpassed those at the Colony Club and '23' and prices at these excellent places are nothing to sneeze at. Scotch was \$1.75 a drink served in one-ounce glasses with plenty bottoms as the customer thought he was getting a big glass. "Twenty-year-old" whiskey was \$2.50 a shot.

"These are stiff prices," I said.

"We got a lot of expenses," replied the maître d' pugnaciously in a voice which said that if I gave him trouble he would give me a lot more. "You got entertainers—and entertainers are expensive."

"Count me out," I said.

"That will be a \$3.50 cover charge," he started. I introduced myself and suggested, "Why don't you sit down and talk with me?"

"I don't know anything," he said, becoming more friendly. "Forget the cover."

(Continued on page 44)

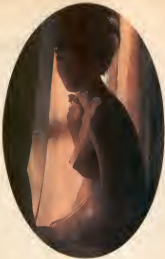




STAR AMONG STARS







Adele will often make a young man up to the observatory to point out to him the various stars on the maps—representations, aureolles, more tranquillized, flammures, cycles and many more. His thoughts, however, are more earthbound

Adèle Anderson's idea of an evening night is to go up to her rooftop observatory, mount her 12.5X reflector telescope on its tripod and star-jaw until dawn. Adèle is an amateur astronomer. Her interests are, literally, the most far-out imaginable: planets, galaxies, constellations, nebulae, star formations. She measures stellar distances in light-years, checking by using trigonometry and spectral variables.





When it's time to die, some ways are a little more meaningful than others.

THE 36th FLOOR

BY STEPHEN R. ALLEN



As Stefan mapped the corners of 34th Street and Broadway, he unclasp the cabine from his shoulder, pushed off the safety, and pulled back the bolt. Then, dropping to his knees, he peered around the corner of Mary's Department Store. Suddenly he slapped the butt of the cabine up against his shoulder and sighed down the barrel. His finger curled about the trigger softly, then relaxed as he looked up. It was a young girl. Stefan stared at her, puzzled. ☐ As the girl approached the corner, Stefan could see that her head was lowered and she was murmuring to a small brown object held cradled in her arms. It looked like a dog. Stefan ignored the cabine. She could be no more than twenty-two, he thought. Her features were small and delicate, and her hair, wavy and unkempt, was a light sand color. Stefan's eyes narrowed as he appraised her. ☐ The girl had almost reached the corner. Stefan ducked back and pressed himself against the wall, listening to her murmuring approach. He kepted the cabine respectfully and waited for her to turn the corner. She walked past without seeing him. For a moment he watched her as she walked slowly down 34th Street, then he jaw tightened and he stepped after her. In three strides he caught her and spun her around. The girl did not cry out or struggle, but only stared at him vacantly. Stefan pushed her back against the broken windowpane. The girl fell backwards to the glass-tilted sidewalk, and looked up questioningly as if wondering why he had hurt her. Stefan stared at her for several moments as he debated. The girl looked mean. ☐ 'Come here,' he finally decided. ☐ The girl continued to gaze at him hopefully. ☐ 'I've found you!' he cried desperately. 'Come here!' ☐ She did look back against the wall then, her eyes hurt as those of a small animal that has been justice. Stefan stared at her for a moment longer, then shaking his head, raised his hands to his eyes. ☐ 'Oh my God.' ☐ A few moments later, placing his hands under the girl's shoulders, he lifted her to her feet. ☐ 'Where do you come from?' he asked, his hands still resting on her shoulders. ☐ She continued to stare at him vacantly. ☐ 'Where is your home or (Continued on next page)



HATS

Having fans there is place in the sun—plus a whole lot of other things that fashion designers have used to feed the imagination. While fans of celebrity sometimes become an end in itself—as evidenced at these representations were more for an entertainment than for shade at a sports car race recently held near Santa Barbara, California.

As for a celebrity, fashion designer, modeled in clothing designed with such and such. The girl is just full of glamour and beauty. She is a model of beauty and grace.



HIP HEADGEAR FOR FASHIONABLE RACING FANS

Top, left: a novelty hat style arrives by way of N.A.S.P. In mid-track collisions this fashion leaves. Right: an original design in soft, luxurious felt. Bottom, left, standing: special ones. Seated, top left: formal wear that doubles as cheer display for portable women. Top, right: a chic hat sturdy with strong design by House of Bonaparte. Also able to meet the smoking fan. Third row, left: a charming addition to feminine charm. Right: a most feminine in black and white and red-and-white. Bottom, top: an all-purpose, casual or cool, and formal, especially functional in evening. Bottom, right, on right: from sitting position, stylishly casual.



BY ANY OTHER NAME

There is nothing like a dame BY L. J. DERICKSON

"**B**ROAD" my wife said dramatically. "What you eat that would?"

We were descending an air elevator from an Office cocktail party and I had just climbed to the third and last wife so being a Broad.

Now, smiling politely, I asked, "Why not? What's wrong with calling my a Broad a Broad?"

With lowered "Oh, I don't know it's so.... well, can't you think of something more pretentious?" Like Lady?"

Nobody calls a woman or a girl a lady, anymore?" I objected.

"Well.... something else, then?"

"Stat, maybe?"

"Oh no, but surely there must be other...."

"Lady," I said simply, "how many politicians are there for a female?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

"Four?"

old ones last legitimate And that about done it?"

A party guest at my elbow said quietly, "Aren't we forgetting Frances?" And what about Catherine?"

"Frank and Jack," I said "Of course, if you're going in for foreign, and there's Fred and Carl, Ann, William, Trudy and Terry, English, and Susan, Indian...."

"Tom and Laura, Scotch," my guest my wife murmured.

"The, little Jo," I said severely, "Everybody branded and skinned, naturally. "Jo," I said slowly "There's really not so many. That's about it."

"Shame!" the party guest exploded into my ear.

"But!" I screamed back at him.

"Ladies," my wife interrupted loudly, "do we have to be down right vulgar about this?"

"Okay, okay," I groined "Let's drop it. We've named about all of them anyway. The eleven ones that is," I added weakly.

"Filly," muttered my brother weakly.

The party guest asked slowly, "Eddy," he said conditionally.

"Darned," said my wife bitterly, "it's just too close."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"Eddy," I groined "Frank."

"There," he countered "Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

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"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

"Eddy?"

it's not every Saturday - but turns thirty-eight. This was special so the little woman was rather about at ten for a change, heading up my breakfast.

"Happy birthday, old man." She planted a kiss on my stubble. "Why not celebrate with a shave?" There was a package tucked under the pile of soapy sponges. "Something for you to do today besides the housework," she giggled. "I'm going over to Antonio's and have my hair done, then down to Mother's for a minute."

I took off the ribbon and tissue. There was an album of Percy Faith Strings called *Requiem* with a gorgeous redhead on the cover flipping some dimes.

"Daring, our song is there," the little woman cooed over my shoulder. "Remember?" She began humming something I couldn't follow. Before I had a chance to answer, she was out the door with the cat boys, leaving me stranded with my ruthead.

Our song? I didn't know we had one. Maybe I'd forgotten. I played the disc of our combination and it started spinning. Our pure *lento* and a lot of wailing. It brought back a flood of memories but somehow the little woman didn't figure in.

All of a sudden I could see a tall, lanky blonde with a far-off look in her eyes. What was her name any go-Jane, Mary, Mary?

She lived in a large old house in a run-down part of town. Her mother was a frosty-wind widow with a trusting smile and ball legs. "Lucky has you remember things like that."

We were going steady-me and Jane or Mary or Alice-only I was seeing a few dollars on the side when the culture-bugs got too much.

She modelled in stage tux, and one day while her mother was at Ladies' Aid, she asked me to pass. It took a little coaxing. I wasn't a per-haver then. But after we looked front and back down, I gazed to the west and flexed my muscles. This really got her. First thing I recall, we were in her bedroom and it was her turn to peel.

She was all shook up afterwards, asked her mother right then out, so I backed in my shirt, laced up my shoes and left.

Quick cut-when you speak love . . . like that our song? Well, when did the little woman ever speak love. She was always shouting one thing or another.

Then I got to thinking of this one gal who tried to keep things on the qt. Her husband was a Marine sergeant on Guadalcanal. He'd been gone a hell of a long time. I guess I was irresistible that

night we danced together at the USO, because she intended to meet me later at the hotel bar for a nightcap. After a few, we wandered out to the graveyard, only things didn't materialize. A gravel car grew up the headlights.

Next USO dance she whispered something in my ear about the boys being gone for the week-end. I didn't need no engraved invitation.

It was some layout liquor all over the place and a swimming pool in the backyard.

About midnight we took a dip in the new and were having a game of tag when we heard the crunch of gravel under car wheels. Before I could grab my things and run, the Marine had landed. How he ever got there from Guadalcanal that exact moment beats hell out of me. And that's about what he did. Speak love? God, next time it wouldn't be a whisper.

Learn-what's the love in the misty light . . .

When I tried to compare up a voice of the little woman with that, all I got for my pains was the light she gave me this morning-her hair in jumbo curls and face all primed up like a runway pig. To think I had romance on my mind and she turned me down like she was Marilyn Monroe. By God, she did need her beauty sleep.

Then I got to thinking about the little preacher and guess I met on a dark bus once. We were loaded for a possum hunt. The preacher sat just ahead, but that didn't stop us from playing games in the dark.

While the others followed the hound dogs, we headed further south. As I helped her over a log, my foot caught on a stray limb. Down we went. One thing led to another and before long, I knew all about the Southern hospitality. Right in the thick of it all the hound dogs came bounding and barking in our direction. Wouldn't you know it, the possum was in the tree directly above, hanging by his tail.

* * *

The misty one was Beyond The Sea and hit me like a tidal wave. It had to be Our Song, but then, it only made me feel I wanted to be that far away from the little woman. That thought started me to longing for my little *Wakayuki* in Yokohama.

She was so Jayne Mansfield, hardly any chicks at all, but a neatly-wrapped package just the same. The little woman sure could take lessons from the one.

Reddfo could have had a child or gold lined eyes, but she chose me. Wasn't the yen I spent on her rather. I remember how I took off my size eleven before entering these sliding portals, how

Nearing the first floor, Steffan stopped suddenly and pressed himself against the wall of the stairwell. People were in the lobby. He could hear them, like rats, scampering across the floor. Creeping down the remaining stairs, Steffan reached the door to the lobby, pushed it open cautiously, and peered out. Rooting and ripping through the cushions of the lobby chairs were a pair of red-eyed, apparently half-mad scavengers. In their search for food or treasure, they seemed oblivious to Steffan as he pushed through the door to the lobby and crossed to the kitchen. As he had expected, the kitchen was a shambles and, on further investigation, appeared to be as nude as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Steffan crossed the kitchen, pushed open the wide doors at the rear, and stepped into the alley behind the hotel.

Striding through the alley, Steffan pounded and shoved at each of the locked doors at the rear of the buildings, but none would yield. Then, remembering the fire axe he had passed on the way out, he returned to the kitchen. He had just lifted the axe from its hooks on the wall of the kitchen when he heard a sound behind him. He froze. The axe dropped to the floor with a clatter as Steffan wheeled and whipped the carbine to his shoulder.

On the other side of the kitchen, his face red and half-crazed with fear and hunger, stood one of the scavengers Steffan had seen in the lobby. A carving knife was gripped tightly in his hand.

For a moment, neither moved. Finally Steffan spoke: "Go away."

The man did not move. His eyes were transfixed on the carbine. Steffan slowly pushed off the safety.

"Go away, or I'll kill you," Steffan warned.

Still the man did not move. Then, his vacant stare held by the carbine, he began to advance.

"Stand where you are or I'll shoot!" Steffan cried. The man was only a few feet away now. "Stop!" Steffan shouted in final warning. Then he pulled the trigger.

With a scream the man spun around and dropped heavily to the floor. For a moment or two Steffan watched his body twitch . . . then it was still. Turning away, he shuffled back to the entrance of the kitchen, his eyes avoiding the limp body as he passed. Carelessly pushing open the door to the lobby, he walked out of the kitchen. As he reached the lobby, he could observe that the other scavenger either had not heard the shot, or did not care, for he was still rooting unsuccessfully through the cushions. Steffan stared at him for several minutes with mounting revulsion. Finally, he turned away for a moment, then unsling the carbine and raised it to his shoulder.

The man's back was to him as Steffan sighted along the barrel. Steffan paused for a moment, then shrugged, and shot him. Like a sprung bow, the man jerked once and pitched forward onto the ripped cushions. Without looking back at him, Steffan lowered the carbine limply and walked toward the stairs.

A half hour later he knocked on the door of the apartment. No one answered. "It's me!" he called.

The door swung open immediately. Before he could take a step inward, Shirlee had thrown herself into his arms, crying.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, gripping the carbine.

"Nothing," she whimpered. "I was afraid."

Steffan relaxed. Then, smiling at her, he pulled her to him and caressed her hair. "Were you standing behind the door all this time?" he asked.

She nodded. "I unholstered the door when I heard you coming . . . but then I wasn't sure, so I kept still."

Turning, Steffan closed and bolted the door. "Hear anyone?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Did you see anyone?"

"No."

"You were away so long."

"It's a long way down."

"Were you able to get any food?"

"No. I couldn't find anything left . . . of value. I'll have to go back later."

She turned away.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"No . . ."

Steffan stared at her for a moment, then, turning, he flung the carbine on the bed and paced across the room to the window.

Shirlee's eyes followed him, as he stood before the open window, looking out. Then she crossed the room, wrapped her arms about him, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him.

"Steffan . . . ?"

He grunted.

"Let's go to bed."

Steffan stared across the river as his chin rested on the cushiony warmth of her hair . . . and he nodded.

While Steffan undressed, she gingerly raised the carbine from the bed, leaned it against the wall, and slipped into the bed.

A few moments later Steffan raised the covers and slid in beside her. For several minutes he stared at the ceiling as he lay on his back next to her. Then suddenly he turned to her, clutched her nude shoulders roughly, and pulled her over to him.

More than two hours later, Steffan could still feel the warmth of Shirlee's body as she lay beside him, sleeping. Unable to sleep, Steffan rested on his back, stared at the ceiling . . . and listened.

Gradually he began to hear them, many

floors below. They were working their way up. He hoped she would not hear them. It had to come, he thought.

He turned to Shirlee, sleeping like a curled kitten, her hands between her legs. Her face, in sleep, had the look of a small child.

An hour later, almost dozing off, Steffan was suddenly awakened by the sound of a crash on the floor below. Shirlee sprang up in the bed, holding the sheet before her.

"What was that?" she cried.

"Nothing," Steffan assured her. "Just the wind . . . I was downstairs while you were asleep, and I left one of the French windows open. I guess the wind must have slammed it against the wall."

"Are you sure that's what it was?"

"Yes . . . I'm sure," he answered, putting his arm about her.

"What were you doing downstairs?" she asked.

"Well, I heard the wind, and I thought it might be blowing some of the smoke away, that the sky might be clearing, so I went down on the floor below to take a look."

"Is it?" she asked, slipping back under the sheet.

"Yes," Steffan replied, pushing himself from the bed and crossing to the window.

"Come and look."

"All right," she said, pushing the covers aside. "Where are my panties?"

"Under the pillow, I think. Don't bother about them—just come and look. The smoke is clearing. I can see the sky. I can see the stars again." Steffan peered out the window . . . and could see only the flames.

Slipping out of the bed, Shirlee padded in her bare feet across the room and stood in front of him. Steffan gazed at her.

"Where are the stars?" Shirlee asked, staring out the open window.

"There," Steffan replied, pointing. He backed away so she could see more clearly. As she continued to peer through the window, he slowly stepped backward until he felt his legs touch the bed. Then, leaning down, he picked up the carbine, stood, and silently pulled back the bolt.

"Where?" Shirlee asked impatiently.

"I can't even see the sky."

" . . . Keep looking," he replied.

He raised the carbine heavily and sighted it on the back of her head. Then, curling his finger about the trigger, he stared at her slender shoulders, her flawless back, her curving hips, her tapering legs. His eyes clouded . . . and he pulled the trigger.

When he heard the crack of the bullet, he closed his eyes and turned. Crossing to the chair beside the bed, he pushed off the dress and underclothing, lifted the chair, and set it in the middle of the room, facing the door. He picked up four extra clips of ammunition. Then he sat down to wait.

A JUNKIE'S CONFESSION

"Once a junkie, always a junkie." This is not the hopeless cry of a besotted officer bewailing an in-curable drug addiction among his bizarre clientele of hapless old sailors. The saying is, instead, the fervent belief of the dedicated score of boating enthusiasts who swear that the Chinese sailing junk is the world's most perfect craft for everything from an afternoon spin around the harbor to a trans-Pacific voyage. The junk, they claim, will do everything you want it to—except sail fast—more smoothly and efficiently than any other sailing craft afloat today.

I agree. I became a junkie just about a year ago when I found my self a transplanted New Yorker suddenly entering a living in Hong Kong.

Others, many others, have of course had this junk habit before I became addicted. There are a few junkies currently loitering around the gray-blue waters of San Francisco Bay giving the boat watchers hanging



A longtime addict, who's got the habit and won't kick it for all the tea in China, tells why he feels it's the fuel of the future

BY DONALD GIBSON

off their balconies at 150000 some thing to eat, and in about 15 steady Long Island Sound there are also one or two junks about, gliding through the strong horizons of sunset and stars with a haughty disdain for speed, coast unerringly for the nearest yacht club cocktail party.

In Hong Kong, the addiction rate is understandably quite high. Junkies are active to the locale, and a goodly portion of the community's labor and love Chinese live on sampans which are essentially miniature junks. In rampant desperation New Aberdeen, one of thousands of Chinese families are born, raised, married and finally die, spaced apart, rarely touching dry land with their feet the whole time. These sampans are tied along one side and another in symmetrical streets. Water runs beneath locally at walled walkways, providing always looking for drugs. And the morning's groceries as well as fresh water are peddled up alongside with super-magical efficiency. When Poppo van runs for the hull to get the ball out at the house, and play it nearly means they leap for the nearest dinghy and head out the trouble looking line. That's the Hong Kong's true junkies. And their addiction has no

(Continued on page 32.)







"Wooway! Superwoman!"

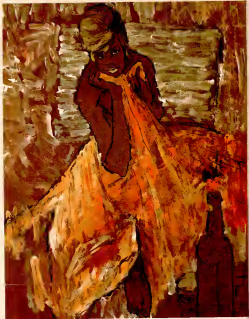


ILLUSTRATION BY J.M.W. TURNER

I had a warm toast with the water, most English here called Maud. In the pub a couple of Yanks were trying to beat one Tommies at darts, and looting. The air and blinds were drawn, and the smell of Ye Old Bell Inn was as smoky as hell. My outfit lived on the second story, my own quarters were under the thatched, sloping roof. The arrangement—pub below, had above—served me fine.

"Do you like Spain?" I asked Maud.

"I do, I do," she giggled.

"Come on, I have some in my room."

She rose in her English Army uniform—blue eyed, pink-checked. We walked past my grating boulder and up one flight, from there, a narrow, circular staircase led to my attic pad.

"Ladies first," I said. It was nice to see Maud wobble and twist up the steep stairs.

There was another Guinness on the window sill—a real bottle—for a change, and we drank it. Then Maud got her Spain and I got Maud.

Now, I stretched warmly on the large, soft bed, saw across her spine. Outside, His Majesty's crows moved in the night below, the dark pines went on. Suddenly there was a new sound—steps on the metal stairs. Then somebody knocked on the door. "Sergeant Shapiro?"

I rose reluctantly. Maud disappeared under the sheets like a submarine under the English Channel.

"Sergeant Roy Shapiro?"

I put on T-shirt and shorts, snugged on the light, showed a yellow over blond's submerged strand of blonde hair, and went to the door.

Gold hair gleamed. The second lion's face was friendly enough—in a young, pale, freckled way—with a mustache to hide the sadness. He wore a new, well-pressed uniform. I'd never seen him before. "Sergeant Shapiro?"

"Yes, sir," I said coldly.

"Just got in from the States. I'm joining your unit, Lieutenant O'Neill Temple."

"What I could ask you is, Sergeant. But I'm studying."

A loud giggle came from the bed.

"What was that?"

"Follow student, sir. What can I do for you?"

He inquired about the location of our office. Right at the edge of Mandorbon, I told him, and gave the address. He said he'd see me at work.

Work was an overstatement. We were a small, secret branch—the CCG—for Civil Cooperation Group. They were grooming us to poke our noses into other people's houses. Teaching us how to read a letter, in French and German. We'd get to those countries eventually, meanwhile we read instant-run boulders and talked obediently to the rules of our language masters. At night, we drank stout, bedded the local belles, and generally had a ball.

But not the new second lion.

We mostly stayed at the houses, and after we landed in France, at the madonnas' tables. His leg between eyes were full of hunger for a pad? How he needed sex! But we didn't need Lieutenant Temple.

By the time word reached Pomey, near Paris, his eyes were hollow from so much pissing. He badly needed help.

Our outfit had now become the CCG (D for Deceased), complete with a lieutenant colored as CO, complete with reports and female organs. We lower-grades were quartered in a regular code. It read in (two page)

sex and the second lieutenant



"Only a dollar! Gee, you must find it like me to work so cheaply!"







Remember those geography films
you used to see in grade
school? They were put out by
an encyclopedia company and

VISUAL AIDE

stored a chronic little
blonde who sent the entire S-B
into convulsions as she dutifully
pointed out the capital of
Tugstere or the five chief
products of Brazil. Well, she's
still around, grown up perhaps
but blonde and heart stopping yet.





VISUAL AIDE

Remember those gossiping kids
you used to see in grade
school? They were put out by
an encyclopedia company and
started a scandal! We

blonde who took the entire 9 to
into consideration as the definitely

perfect set the capital of
Vandalism or the funniest
products of Brazil. Well, she's
... still around, even up there,
but blonde and hair-dropping yet.



STILL WATERS RUN DEEP





(Kathy Williams comes from the wild and hitherto forgotten region of Virginia's rather Blue Ridge.

Kathy's folks have been farming the same land since Washington's day, yet their little spread is as modern as could be. Mr. Williams' method of transforming useless grain vapors into high-grade alcohol has been a tremendous boon to the aircraft industry, as the boys at the nearby Grumman plant can testify. Kathy is key girl in the firm-









Mostly she runs the front office—PR and, and studio commerce. She admires L. B. J. and voted for him in '64, but her views on fiscal policy are Republican. "We haven't paid whiskey tax since 1791, and never will."



his heart pound. A few more minutes was all he needed.

Nothing's gone, Ralph. You can't take away the things I loved. They're all inside of me somewhere. Like babies. They are my unborn babies. Remember the pear tree? What we did under it? The spring blossoms? It isn't gone. I can reach out and touch it. You loved it as I did.

"What little we've ever had..."

Don't say that, Ralph.

"Anything we've ever had," he amended, "has been because of you, Bunney." They passed the brightly lighted refinery and he turned sharply to his left into Overland Avenue. Just ahead was the mountain, and Scenic Drive, which they had known so well since she was seventeen. Now the road began to wind upward.

"You're what's kept me going at all, even if it's always been failure. But that part isn't your fault."

No.

"I'm dirty and need a shave, Bunney. And my clothes... You'll forgive? It's always been forgive, hasn't it, Bunney?"

They stopped on the crest and parked against the guard rail, near the ten-cent telescopes.

"Any pain, Bunney?"

Goodness, not now.

"I'm glad." He stepped out on the gravel

and walked around the car to her window. He stood there a moment looking down at the lights of the City. One other car was parked twenty yards away and the kids in it were staring. He knew they were looking at Barbara; they always looked at Barbara. Now, especially, they could not help themselves. The nosy bastards.

And so that this fierce pride he always had in her could not now be nullified by any alien thought—such as the tragic ruin he had made of her life, which he loved far more than his own—he hastily performed the first step in the Agreement.

From his inside coat pocket he took a deck of cards and ripped it open. He stepped to the rail and flung them high in a vicious arc. They fluttered with a hopelessness that they had always brought him, and tumbled earthward with disturbing mockery against the lights of the City. Then they disappeared.

When he got back in the car he drew her to him with infinite care, and turned her face to his. He kissed her on the lips, touched her dark tousled hair for a brief moment, then with great difficulty and without scorn or disdain for her lifelong superstition, he performed the second step in the Agreement. The kids in the other car whispered and giggled in smug conspiracy at what they saw and heard.

A short while later, he backed up the car and headed down the grade from whence he had come.

"Anything for the press, lieutenant?"

"Hello, Henry. Christ. Be a week getting that thing up out of there." The winded policeman leaned against the fender of the patrol car, his blue shirt black with sweat.

A dozen curious spectators stood silently at a gaping hole in the guard rail, their faces swept with hypnotic cadence by flashing emergency lights.

The officer hawked noisily and spat on the pavement, then retched a little. "Jesus, what a climb. Crazy bastard must've been doin' fifty. On this curve."

"Nothing else?"

"This one's got everything, Henry. Guy and a woman. She's naked as a nail. Not a stitch on her. Good looking, too. Middle-aged, sort of. The car was stolen yesterday afternoon, late. Both of 'em are busted up like firewood. She didn't bleed a drop. All his..."

The cop signalled a yellow truck and pointed to the guard rail. "Dead before she hit."

"How do you know? Oh, no blood."

"Blood, hell. There's a tag on her big toe from the morgue at St. Margaret's Hospital."

END

Junkie's Confession (Continued from page 62)

lected much of the Western community too.

The average American or Britisher coming to work in Hong Kong spends about six months reeling in the exotic beauty and fascinating night life of this burning metropolis. He gets his share of tailormade suits, buys up enough bargain basement camera equipment to keep the LIFE Magazine staff in business for forty years and outfits his pad with just about the same amount of wonderfully-low-priced tape recording and hi-fi equipment which John Glenn used in America's first orbit of the earth.

Then suddenly the walls begin to close in. There are only so many Cheongsam-clad Chinese girls to sleep with in Wanchai and a man must be a fool, or superhuman, to try them all—or even a respectable percentage. You can only crowd so many decibels out of your hi-fi set and shoot only so many rolls of film with your new cameras. Suddenly you begin to realize that you've eaten in the same restaurants and got drunk with the same faces for an extraordinarily long time. Worst of all, there's nothing but Red China to the north, south, east and west of you—and Uncle Sam says "Naughty boy" and takes away your passport if you try to go there. (The Reds say "Naughty boy" and put you in jail for the rest of your life if you visit, anyway, so there's no percentage in this at all.)

This is when one usually becomes a

junkie, for an increasing number of Americans and Britishers find that building and sailing a Chinese junk around the 297 crowded and interesting islands which make up the Hong Kong complex is an economical, comfortable and fun-filled way to while away weekends and vacations. Loaded up with a good supply of martinis and a picnic lunch for eating on a deserted island beach, the Chinese junk can easily make one an addict for life—as it has done to me.

My junk is a sleek, honey-colored craft called the Brunonia. (I'm a graduate of Brown University and am afraid I have a touch of the old Ivy League tie painted clear through me.) This name is painted boldly across her fantail along with the Chinese characters which most closely sound like Brunonia. They read "Pleasant Dragon"—so you can take your pick as to the craft's real name. I'll stick to the Ivy League handle; after all a bit of snobism goes a very long way in a place like Hong Kong.

She's a comfortable thirty-one feet in length, carries a mainmast and a foremast with a full set of ox-blood dipped, bamboo-battened cotton sails. One of her nicest features is a cabin almost big enough to throw a tea dance in—eight feet by ten feet—and high enough so that almost anyone can stand upright in it without the painful head-cracking which so many western boatmen take simply as a matter

of course, a mere avocational hazard.

A fully-enclosed head is yet another feature of the craft—and most unjunk-like. True Chinese tradition calls for you merely to cut a hole in the fantail overhang on which one sits and from which one pollutes the waters below. A sail past the after ends of a moored group of true Chinese junks often produces a wonderful view of a number of Chinese after ends. But I soon discovered that weekend dates much preferred the modesty and privacy of an enclosed head and thus modern plumbing came aboard.

Power for the craft comes from a husky, forty-horsepower Evinrude which I've installed in a well aft of the cockpit. Sober second thought today convinces me I would have saved fuel bills in the long run by investing in a marine diesel—but outside of its gas guzzling propensity the Evinrude performs magnificently, pushing the Brunonia along at ten knots. She can do eight under sail which is fast indeed for a junk, the extra speed due to the slight Westernizing we built into the otherwise flat and blunt junk hull lines.

Most important, the total tab to have her built from keel up—including every nickel of costs (launching charges, the price of the engine, a year's insurance, even the fee for a marine underwriter to inspect her seaworthiness)—was less than \$2200! You can barely buy a skiff and an outboard for that in the U. S. today. Economy is one very real element that makes a junkie a junkie.

THE
VOICE
HEARD
'ROUND
THE
WORLD







And, it Landoner hopes that her
unique voice will be
heard across the Atlantic and
in the offices of a
producer who specializes in big
musical comedies

Ann Austin's ambition is to be a successful musical comedy star. She has beauty, a natural flair for acting and one talent that is all too rare—an incredibly powerful voice. After auditioning for a night club singing job, and drawing out the three-piece band, she was "advised" by the club owner to try another type of singing. Ann thought immediately of musical comedy. At her first audition the producer started himself in the very last row of the theatre's upper balcony and signalled for her to begin singing. She did, and won the leading role by about seventy decibels over her more experienced competitors. Ann needs no metaphors or trick structural devices. All she asks is a stage to stand on, a large audience and a role that lets her sing out.











Summer 1945

gentleman

ANNUAL

